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A PLEADING FOR ANIMALS.

"I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
And fellow mortal."

Burns's Address to the Mouse.

CRUELTY to animals is another* of the trite subjects. It has been preached upon and be-statuted to excess, but without doing much good. Hodge, taken up for lashing his out-worn horse unmercifully, and fined ten shillings for his fault, goes away grumbling, evidently under the conviction that he is an ill-used sample of the industrious classes, whom the better-off won't allow to do as he likes with his own, though they carefully reserve the privilege to themselves. A week-day sermon is announced on the subject, and is attended by a godly company of old ladies remarkable for their tenderness to cats and canaries, but by not one of the velveteened barbarians who daily and hourly abuse their patient beasts, nor by any persons whatsoever that have the least need for correction on this branch of moral duty. A humane society issues tracts reprobating the various forms of the offence, and these are extensively circulated amongst that class of pure and amiable minds which take a pleasure in tracts; but Andrew of Gilmerton meanwhile goes on over-loading Beasy with coals, and Davie of the Low Market daily beats calves on the way to slaughter, and little Dick and Willy of the village continue to tie as many cannisters to the tails of as many curs as possible, just as if paper had never once been blacked upon the subject. It is dreary, indeed, to think of the vast quantity of good philanthropy which has been expended upon this subject, in speech, in act, in sermon, and in tract, leaving the classes aimed at exactly as ruthless as before. There is not even a sufficiency of public feeling to check, in any appreciable degree, open exhibitions of cruelty. We have seen horses abused in the midst of one of the streets of one of the most enlightened cities in the world, without producing one cry of shame, or apparently drawing a passing remark from the crowd. Men travel in stage-coaches every day, and, looking out at the window at the end of a stage, see four miserable exhausted creatures let loose from the pole, panting as if they would pant their last, covered with sweat and froth from the drooping head all along the jaded quivering sides to the shrinking rump, without ever taking it into their heads to suppose that the vision is at all inconsistent with the proper course of things. At races, which are cunningly said to be got up as an encouragement to the improvement of good breeds of horses, a multitude of the best in the land will see scores of poor animals stimulated to exertions far beyond their natural strength, without ever thinking there is any thing wrong in it. Fine encouragement, truly, for the equine species, first to train them by every sort of unnatural expedient, and then to whip and spur them to exertions which leave them in the most dismal state of exhaustion! England is said to be, in this respect, worse than other countries—it has been called the *hell* of horses. We believe the phrase to be well applied. There are about 200,000 in the united kingdom, and it is extremely unlikely that ten thousand out of the whole are treated in humane manner. The effect which this constant exercise of cruelty must have upon the natures of the people themselves, cannot be otherwise than great, for the

human character depends very much, as we all know, upon the excitement which is given to its special feelings. It may therefore be concluded that "man's inhumanity to man" directly springs in no small measure from his inhumanity to horses, dogs, and other dependent creatures.

It is also very probable that, from the dragooning system which we pursue towards animals, we have never yet realised one-half of the benefits which the domestic races are calculated to confer upon us. Take the horse alone for an example, and hear what a late writer* has said about him. "In Europe, the sagacious powers of this noble animal are most imperfectly developed. In fact, notwithstanding his outward beauty and his pampered form, he exists here in a state of utter degradation; for he is generally under the power and in the company of beings of the very lowest grade—ignorant, brutal, capricious, and cruel—coachmen, cabmen, grooms, Carmen, horse-jockeys, post-boys, butchers, and black-legs; many of them without sense, temper, or feeling—fellows, in the scale of creation, infinitely below the generous creatures they torment. Some are well fed, it is true, and duly exercised—and happy their fate: the rest are abused with a cruelty that has become proverbial. Now, what knowledge can a horse acquire under such treatment?—how is he to display, to exercise, to increase the powers bestowed on him by nature!—from whom is he to learn? Being gregarious by nature, he is here secluded from his own species; he is separated, except for a short time, from his master, who attends only to his animal propensities; when not employed about a heavy cumbersome machine—dragging his dull companion to and fro—he is shut up in the walls of a stable. But this beautiful creature, we repeat, is existing all this time in a degraded state, or, as the newspapers call it, in a *false position*. Who does not know how soon the horse will meet every advance of kindness and attention you make to him—how grateful he will be; how studious of your will; how anxious to understand you; how happy to please and satisfy you? We have possessed two horses, at different times, who, with only the treatment which they would experience from a master fond of the animals under his protection, would follow us with the attention of dogs: sometimes stopping to graze on the banks of the road till we had advanced many hundred yards, and then, of their own accord, and apparently with delight, canter forward and rejoin us. In fact, they were gentle, intelligent, and pleasing companions; and this was produced rather by total abstinence from harsh treatment, than from any positive solicitation or great attention on our parts." The writer proceeds to remark the great gentleness, sagacity, and serviceableness, which mark the horse in the east, particularly in Arabia, and which qualities seem to depend entirely on the better treatment which the horse there receives. The Arab makes his horse a domestic companion. He sleeps in the same tent with the family. Children repose upon his neck, and hug and kiss him, without the least danger. He steps amongst their sleeping forms by night, without ever injuring them. When his master mounts him, he manifests the greatest pleasure; and if he by any chance falls off, he instantly stands still till he is again mounted. He has even been known to pick up his wounded master, and carry him in his teeth to a place of safety. Unquestionably, these beautiful traits of character have been developed in the animal by a proper course of treatment. The same law holds good here as amongst men

themselves. Treat these in a rational, humane, and confiding manner, and you bring forth their best natural qualities; but, on the contrary, visit them with oppression and cruelty, and you either harden and stupify them, or rouse them to the manifestation of wrathful feelings which may prove extremely uncomfortable to yourself. It is probable, then, that, from the way in which we use most animals, we never have experienced nearly so much advantage from their subserviency as we might have done.

The kind treatment of animals in the east is probably owing in a great measure to the religious ideas entertained respecting them. Mahomet, in the Koran, tells his followers—"There is no kind of beast on earth, nor fowl that flieth with its wings, but the same is a people like unto you: then unto their Lord shall they return."* The oriental, thus instructed to regard animals as his fellow-creatures, and as going on like himself to an immortal destiny, naturally treats them with respect, and with some share of the courtesy and benevolence which he manifests for the beings of his own species. The effect of such a system, after many ages, is most remarkable. Creatures which, in our country, fly from man with habitual terror, readily enter into his society in the east. "I have often in Syria," says De Lamartine, "seen birds caught in the morning by the children, and perfectly tame by the evening, having need neither of cage nor string to retain them with the family that had adopted them, but fluttering freely among the oranges and mulberry trees of the garden; coming when called, and perching on the children's fingers, or the heads of the young girls."

It is of course not to be desired that we should entertain any similar religious ideas respecting the lower animal creation, seeing that they are manifestly founded in delusion, and tend to confound our notions respecting our own nature and its destiny. But it may at the same time be very confidently said, that our prevailing ideas respecting animals err almost as much on the one side as those of the orientals err on the other. We assuredly place animals at too great a distance from us. We estimate their intellectual and moral character far too low. The term *brute creation*, which we comprehensively apply to them, in as far as it radically means senseless and irrational, is a phrase coined in the spirit of injustice. We have no stronger reprobation for some of man's grossest delinquencies, than to liken them to the conduct of beasts, even should they be acts which beasts never commit—such, for example, as drunkenness. Their most sagacious and ingenious acts, their finest affections, even when we are ourselves the objects of them, we cannot allow to be allied to similar manifestations in ourselves, but must repudiate by a silly sophism, scrupulously declaring that they do not flow from mind, but from *instinct*, a phrase only rightly applied to a class of manifestations quite different, and easily distinguishable. Really, to be a humble creature, man is a remarkably proud one. Not satisfied with the largely superior measure of mind which has been bestowed upon him, and with the additional possession of a soul invested with a never-ending existence, he would fain make himself quite alone and singular even in this lower world. The truth unquestionably is, that, though placed lower, and altogether without the one peculiar distinguishing stamp that has been impressed on human nature, animals possess many of our endowments—have intellectual faculties capable of being sharpened,

* Alluding to the remarks at the commencement of the paper entitled "Character," in last number.

* Review of Jesse's Gleanings, in Gentleman's Magazine, Nov. 1633.

* Sale's Koran, chap. vi.

affections to be drawn forth and trained, and sensations of all kinds to be hurt and wounded, like ourselves. The very notion which we so fondly cherish, that all animals are designed to be subservient to us, is greatly to be questioned; for not only do we see many which pursue, and ever will pursue, an independent course, but we know that all kinds of them existed on this world, enjoying their existence as now, ages before the foot of man was pressed upon the soil. So far from being *brutish*, there is a striking moral respectability about animals. In the mass, they are far more moderate in all things than men. Discretion, patience, and a steady quiet cheerfulness, strongly mark the animal world. There is scarcely a virtue we have, of which we cannot find some eminent model amongst the varied tribes of earth, sea, and sky. The meekness of the lamb, the innocence of the dove, the patience of the ass, the fidelity of the dog, have been proverbial since man first was a family. We only do not cite the constancy of the turtle, because in that case instinct, and not mind, may be deemed the source of the feeling. But above all the fine moral characteristics of animals, we place their moderation and resignation highest. We know nothing on earth more touching than to consider how readily, how patiently, how perseveringly, a poor dumb creature will work on and on all its days for its master, rarely enjoying any recreation, receiving only a measured and scanty allowance of food, and altogether deprived of what gives a charm to every thing—liberty; yet never once betraying the slightest symptom of discontent. Contrast this behaviour with the struggle, the fume, the fret, the malignity, the jealousy, the insatiableness, which distinguish *human* life, and how ridiculous does it appear that we should affect to separate ourselves entirely from animals—how base that we should ever abuse them! Animals, in every particular of their organisation, in every circumstance of their condition, in every trait of their character, show, as strongly as men do, that they are objects of Almighty care, and that they have a place here suited to their nature as well as we. If they have not a right to civil usage from man, then are all the boasted rights of man himself a delusion of his own brain.

Considering how our abuse of animals must react upon ourselves, and how much we thus lose of the utility of animals, it is much to be desired that better feelings on this subject were generally introduced. But it is not by addresses to those who are humane already, that any improvement is to be effected. No; means must be taken to impress just ideas respecting animals upon the entire community, and this object can only be attained through the medium of education. It has been suggested that zoology (as well as other branches of natural history) should be taught upon an enlightened principle to all in schools. We cordially subscribe to the plan. The young should be taught to regard animals with the affectionate interest which they merit as fellow-beings in this breathing sphere, and which many of them deserve in a more particular manner on account of their fidelity and good services. All repugnance to animals of any kind should be struggled with, if it exists, and every effort should be made to prevent its being implanted, as a feeling calculated to occasion much evil to both parties. The benevolent truth should be impressed, that animals, though endowed with inferior degrees of intelligence, and not stamped as we are with the broad mark of accountableness, still possess a nature kindred in some important respects to our own, and have feelings to be wounded and irritated, and affections to be brightened and cultivated, like ourselves. The practice of kindness towards animals should go hand in hand with lessons. Children should be encouraged to keep pets, to tend them themselves, and endeavour to bring out all their best qualities. It would also be proper, while conveying a knowledge of the different tribes of the animal world, to show how, in their structure, generally so full of complicated wonders, and in their nice adaptation to the circumstances in which they are calculated to live, and to the purposes they are destined to serve, they, so far from being mean or vile, are invested with one of the most majestic of commissions, that of proclaiming Almighty wisdom and goodness. That happy state of mind might be induced which Bonnet describes in himself when he says—"When I see an insect working at the construction of a nest

or a cocoon, I am impressed with respect; because it seems to me, that I am at a spectacle where the Supreme Artist is hid behind the curtain."

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

THE city or sea-port of Toulon, not many years ago, had the honour of containing within its walls two very beautiful ladies, the conjoint sovereigns and ruling ornaments of the upper circles of the place. Neither one nor other of the two was very young, but both had hitherto possessed sufficient charms to maintain their place as beauties against all comers, and, in consequence, to keep the lead of the good society of Toulon. The characters of both were unimpeachable, and hence their sway was the more readily submitted to, and had the better prospect of being durable.

Suddenly, however, a new constellation appeared in the Toulonese horizon, and the reigning stars felt their fires grow pale. M. Duregard, a gentleman who had spent the greater part of his life in Paris, and had amassed a very large fortune by commercial speculations, retired from business, and came to his native town of Toulon, to enjoy in ease the fruits of his toils. He brought with him an only daughter, the heiress of all his wealth. Mademoiselle Hortense Duregard was scarcely nineteen, tall, and well formed, with light chestnut locks, and soft blue eyes. She was rather to be called pretty, or comely, than absolutely beautiful; and this circumstance, added to the obvious want of ostentation, and the reserve amounting almost to timidity which characterised her, caused the two beauties before mentioned to entertain originally little fears of seeing their satellites stolen from them by the new planet. But an independent dower of three or four hundred thousand francs, left by her deceased mother, and the prospective inheritance, besides, of all her father's immense means, were advantages on the side of Mademoiselle Duregard, which would have lent abundant charms to a much more indifferent countenance than hers, and which were too rarely paralleled in a provincial place not to attract admirers in hosts. Besides, M. Duregard, the father, spoke in a most encouraging way. He was a good-natured, talkative old man, and made frequent profession of his desire to see his girl married to some honest, well-principled, provincial, who would not scoff at his father-in-law, or wish him too soon out of the world for the sake of his succession. All the young men of Toulon, and also those among the middle-aged who still paid attention to their whiskers and their neckcloths, commanded loudly the unanimous views of M. Duregard. "Another in his place would have had the vain desire, most certainly, of wedding his heiress to a peer of France. But Duregard, good soul, only looks to his daughter's happiness, and has no mad pride about him." And so, with these cheering prospects in view, the Toulonese gallants hurried in crowds to pay their homage at the shrine of the fair Hortense, deserting for the time the idols of a former day.

What, in the mean time, said the young heiress to these plainly stated views of her sire? This was the secret which her worshippers were naturally most anxious to discover, but the discovery seemed difficult of attainment. It was not long, however, before a portion of the gallant host that surrounded her put her sentiments to the proof by direct addresses. The army, as was proper, were the first to come to close quarters. But several of them in succession sustained a repulse—a complete rout. To be plain, more than one officer of the Toulon station received a direct refusal from Hortense. After the defeat of the military, several civilians entered timidly into the field, but soon in like manner retired, disheartened by the lowering aspect of affairs. Yet a pretty girl, with a vast fortune both in possession and in expectancy, must of necessity remain an object of attention so long as she is single, it being commonly observed that pretty girls, so situated, do usually marry somebody in the end. Therefore, till the knot is actually tied, all and every, even the once-repulsed not excepted, may have a chance, or the hope of it. Thus was Hortense Duregard, in spite of her apparent inaccessibility, an object of undiminished attention and anxiety to all the Toulonese youth of any consideration.

The young respectables and fashionables of the town, including the military, were in the habit of frequenting every evening a club or coffee-house, where Mademoiselle Hortense Duregard was very often the subject of discourse. Among the most common visitors of the club-house, was a middle-aged gentleman, named La Renardiere, who was in many respects a remarkable personage. He was very ugly, and had a spirit, it was generally admitted, quite in correspondence with his face and person. Every body was afraid of him, for he had a tongue which bit with fearful sharpness, being moved and directed by a mind abounding in wit and sarcasm. At the same time, he could be most agreeable when he chose, though he seldom showed himself in this pleasant light, excepting when he had some particular purpose in view. To the young men of the club, Renardiere often gave a fund of amusement by the exercise of his powers of satire on known subjects; and he was an object of special attraction to them, at the time referred to, from his being believed to possess the confidence of

M. Duregard, and even partly of Hortense. He was, at least, a daily visitor at the house of M. Duregard, and but a very few could boast of enjoying the like privilege.

"I have just dined, in a family way, with Duregard," said Renardiere carelessly, as he entered the club-room one evening, some months after the arrival of Hortense in Toulon. Every clubist pricked up his ears at the words. "Well," said one, "Mademoiselle Duregard has now had some time to make up her mind about the people of Toulon. What does she think of us, Renardiere?" The party addressed made reply quietly, "I am not her confidant, sir." "Yes, but then you have seen more of her than any body, and may tell us, at least, what you think of her? Has she talents? Is she likely to marry? Tell us, now, candidly." These, and other such questions, were repeated by several of those present, before Renardiere answered. "I am not the confidant of Mademoiselle Duregard, gentlemen, I repeat. But I certainly do know one of her tastes or opinions about the Toulon people." Many voices pressed for an explanation. "I heard her, when sitting at the window this very day, make the remark, that the young men here have a frightful custom of wearing immense moustaches and whiskers. Yes, gentlemen, she called the custom *frightful!*" Such was the disclosure of Renardiere.

From the hour in which it was made, an anathema seemed to have gone forth against all facial adornments of the capillary order. Some bold spirits seized the razor instantly, and appeared in public, the very next day, fac-similes of the "unbearded Apollo." Others of a more timid nature grew smooth-faced by slow degrees, as if some progressive process of singeing were resorted to for the daily diminishing of the once prominent ornaments of the face. But, whether quickly or slowly, the result was the same. In a week or so after the revelation of Renardiere, Toulon, that used formerly to be so proud of the moustaches of its youth, was reduced to content itself with those of its cats, for none else, almost, were visible within its walls.

"I saw you with Mademoiselle Duregard at the promenade this morning," said one of the club youths, on later evening, to Renardiere; "what did she think of the display?" "Not much," replied Renardiere; "the fair lady is rather of a pensive disposition, and all the people about her, particularly the young men, were so ruddy, rosy, gay, and frisky, that the scene, she said, did not at all suit her taste." We shall not attempt to decide whether or not there was the slightest truth in these assertions of the artful Renardiere, but they had their effect. A gloom seemed to fall upon many of the fashionable youths of Toulon, within a short time after this speech of Renardiere. They became, like Master Stephen, "melancholy and gentleman-like," wore their hair flat, displayed pale faces, and seemed all converted into lovers of solitude, and dreamers. A run upon black, almost ruinous to several cloth-merchants who had laid in large summer stocks, followed soon after, in consequence of Renardiere making the remark, that the gentle Hortense had expressed a strong admiration for sable dresses. In short, whatever hints the artful Renardiere gave, were immediately acted upon by the large body of young men to whom Hortense, or her fortune, were objects of interest.

But all proved in vain. One admirer after another was dismissed by Hortense, civilly but firmly, and many of them finally gave up all thoughts of the heiress. There were a few pretenders, however, who had not committed themselves to the final trial, and yet had hopes. Possibly some of them really liked the young lady, and were not wholly devoted to her fortune. However this may be, it proved that almost every one of these remaining admirers made a confidant of Renardiere, and besought his assistance. Renardiere for the time professed the greatest friendship for all of them. At length he did more. He assembled them together. He addressed them, and told them that, as he knew from themselves, they had all the same hopes and wishes; but that Mademoiselle Duregard could be the wife only of one, not of all. "Of one of them," he said, "she certainly should be the wife, if they would follow his instructions." Each of the young men knew Renardiere's slippery character, but they had a confidence in his knowledge of the Duregards, and in his cleverness, which outweighed all other feelings. They consented to his preliminary condition, that they should give their words of honour either to carry his proposal into full execution, or give it up altogether, and keep it for ever a secret. Renardiere then made them cast lots, it being previously agreed by them that the successful drawer should be the party destined to obtain Hortense, and the one in whose favour all the rest were to give up their pretensions. Fortune here favoured Leonard de Ferney, the poorest, in point of pecuniary means, of all the suitors, but perhaps not otherwise the least deserving of the favours of fate. However, this is out of our way at present. M. Renardiere then detailed the rest of his plan. More than one of the youths thought there was a degree of almost fiendish malice about his looks, as he explained his scheme; but their words were pledged not to retract or retreat. What the scheme was will soon be apparent.

Within a day or two after this strange meeting, a report, deeply touching the character of Mademoiselle Hortense Duregard, was bruited through the circles

* See these views more particularly insisted on in a paper "On the Study of Natural History as a Branch of General Education," by Robert Patterson. Belfast: 1840.

of Toulon. Some weeks before, a young Parisian fashionable had been staying in the town, at one of the hotels, from which he had been observed to issue every evening in a manner somewhat mysterious. His presence and retired habits had excited some talk in the town. It was now rumoured that Mademoiselle Duregard had been the object of his visits, that she had formerly known him in Paris, and that, in consequence of her father's dislike to his very profligate character, he had been secretly introduced every evening to the house of Hortense. This calumny soon spread everywhere. The two former female sovereigns of Toulon were not ill-natured people, but their own characters were stainless, and such an opportunity of shaking the head, and looking dignifiedly virtuous, could not be passed by, by ladies of mortal mould. Their rival's character, therefore, was not improved by their influence. At last, "good-natured" friends informed both M. Duregard and his daughter of the universality of the evil report. Both were deeply shocked by it. Hortense, in reality a gentle, timid, and irreproachable girl, fainted away, and it was some time before she was restored to sensibility.

The issue of the matter was, that M. Duregard took his daughter seriously to task on the subject of marriage, declaring that her insensibility, or her pride, in rejecting so many eligible protectors as had offered themselves, was the sole and whole cause of the present misfortune. "I shall endeavour to trace this calumny to its source, though I fear in vain," said the father. "But the like may happen again. Once assailed in this manner, you never can be afterwards secure, unless you choose a husband to defend you from such vile and scandalous assaults." M. Duregard then pressed Hortense to own if she had any attachment, which had prevented her from accepting the offers made to her. She confessed that she had an attachment, but no more would she disclose. The man she loved had never sought her hand.

M. Duregard found, as he had anticipated, that it was fruitless to attempt to trace to its source a rumour so widely spread. In the mean time, the sudden withdrawal of the circle of admirers so lately planted around her path, though unsought and unencouraged by her, produced a distressing effect on the mind of Hortense, being ascribed by her to the confidence placed in the abominable report. She was alike hurt and indignant at the idea of such a charge being credited by those who professed to esteem her. There was, however, one suitor, our readers may guess, who did not follow the retreat of the rest. This was Leonard de Ferney. Strange to say, however, he did not push his addresses with the dexterity and bold front of a secure conspirator, but seemed as timid as if addressing a fair one surrounded by kneeling thousands. In truth, fortune, in casting the lot in his favour, had fixed upon the most disinterested, by far, of all the admirers of Hortense. He really loved the woman, though not blind to the charms of the heiress. When he found his pointed attentions not discouraged, but rather the reverse, by Hortense, a severe struggle commenced in his breast. Anxiety to know if he owed the smile bestowed on him solely to the skilful *ruse* of Renardiére, was mingled with shame at the part he was playing. The farther he advanced in favour with Mademoiselle Duregard, and the more he saw of those qualities formerly hidden under a veil of timidity and reserve, the more oppressive grew his suffering. His feelings urged him on to the declaration of his passion, but his better genius was also at work, and forbade him to take any base advantage. Leonard at length resolved to disclose all to Hortense, and either lose her honourably, or owe success to something else than an unworthy conspiracy, of his share in which he now hourly repented.

On the evening which witnessed his final adoption of this resolution, he knew that Mademoiselle Duregard would be alone at home, and thither he bent his steps. On his entry into the court before the house of M. Duregard, he met Renardiére, a frequent visitor there. De Ferney had for some time avoided Renardiére, looking ever upon him as a disagreeable memento of unworthy mysteries. On the present occasion, he seemed to De Ferney more unpleasing than ever, as, with a smile marked by more than its usual sarcastic bitterness, he said, "Go on, De Ferney, go on and prosper." Leonard had often wondered of late what could have been Renardiére's reasons for suggesting the conspiracy; but, though at times disposed to think that some motive must lurk under the surface, he had generally come to the conclusion that the whole was ascribable to the man's natural love of mischief. Discarding the thought of him, after he had passed, Leonard entered the house, and found Hortense alone. It struck the young man that she looked paler than wont, but her voice and manner were calm. Not so those of De Ferney, who, after a few agitated commonplaces, broke at once into the subject which occupied his whole thoughts, and revealed the whole plot, while he at the same time passionately declared his love, and besought the young lady's forgiveness. "Forgive me!" exclaimed he; "let me carry your pardon away with me—far from your sight! for I cannot hope that your mercy will go farther!"

To the surprise of the lover, Hortense heard him with perfect composure, while disclosing the plot against her. As he went on, indeed, the colour came to her cheek, but with it came, not a frown, but a smile. "You have done well," said she to the surprised youth; "I knew all, Leonard!" Leonard! she had

never before so addressed him. "Knew all!" cried the young man; "how! from whom?" "From your principal conspirator, the framer of this great plot against a poor girl," said Hortense—"from M. Renardiére himself." "He disclose it! and why? for what purpose?" said the amazed De Ferney. "For the same purpose which caused him to suggest the project," answered the young lady; "to win for himself this poor hand. Foolish young men! to imagine that Renardiére was a man to take trouble on himself for the accomplishment of any desires of others. No; he came here but now, as doubtless he had all along purposed, to expose you, and, by that service and the offer of clearing your reputation, to obtain the hand once refused to him before. He expected to have before him a weak girl, from whose fears he might wring all that he desired, either by flattery or threats. He found it otherwise."

De Ferney, when Hortense was silent, stood with his eyes cast on the ground, like a criminal about to hear his doom. "Do not look so shocked," continued Mademoiselle Duregard, after a pause, in tones which to his ear were most pleasingly gentle; "you have shown that your heart was too good, too noble, to permit you to obtain any end by such means. De Ferney—Leonard—I forgive you!"

Monsieur Duregard obtained his wish in having an honest provincial for his son-in-law; for, notwithstanding his temporary defection, De Ferney was an honest man. On him, too, of all her admirers, had Hortense originally fixed her thoughts. M. Renardiére could never boast at the club, after this period, of his dinners with the Duregards; and the discovery that the Parisian fashionable was secretly married, and had a wife in Toulon, disposed easily of the calumny against Hortense, who, for her husband's sake, threw a veil over the conspiracy, which the others, for their own sakes, did not draw aside.

LETTERS FROM TWO YOUNG EMIGRANTS.

KNOWING the interest taken by many in the subject of emigration to the Australian colonies, we beg to offer a few extracts from letters written by two young men, brothers, who left Leith for Port Philip in April 1839, giving a description of their voyage and settlement. They both possessed a small patrimony, which they carried with them as a capital to adventure in sheep-farming, or any other suitable line of business. Belonging to a respectable family in Edinburgh, with which we are acquainted, and writing without the least idea that their sentiments would be made public, anything they say may be fully relied on for fidelity. The vessel in which they sailed reached the Cape on the 30th of July, and Port Philip on the 18th of September, making the voyage in five months.

To give an idea of the nature of the voyage in emigrant ships, we begin with an extract from a letter written at sea a month after starting, and sent by a homeward-bound vessel. "Having got clear of the western coast and islands of Scotland, we had a distant view of Ireland, and next night passed Cape Clear. On the 7th of May we were off Madeira, the land being visible, and distant about twenty miles; and on the 9th we passed the Canary Islands at a much greater distance, but we could see the position of the Cape of Teneriffe, from the clouds resting upon it, at a distance of not less than eighty miles. On the 15th, our latitude was 19 degrees 8 minutes north, and longitude 22 degrees 24 minutes west, being on that day immediately under the sun; and to-day we have passed the most northerly of the Cape de Verd Islands. We have had very delightful weather, especially when we were in the region of Madeira. Now it begins to feel a little too hot in the berths, but always agreeable on deck, as we have the trade-winds, which keep the air cool.

Our captain and passengers are very agreeable, and our provisions, I must say, have rather exceeded expectations. We have begun to take a bath every morning, from which I derive great benefit. We go to the bows of the vessel in our undress, and get four or five buckets of water thrown on us. As to the mode of spending our time, every day is so much alike, that at times I do feel a little weary. However, with books we contrive to pass the time. On Sundays, we have always divine service, and fortunately as yet the Sundays have all been beautiful. The crew and passengers turn out as they always do, clean and respectable, so it is really a pleasant sight. The doctor acts as chaplain, and we have a precentor for raising the psalm from among the steerage passengers. The doctor has been fortunate in getting hold of some good sermons (not his own), one of which he reads, and also one or two prayers, and thus concludes the appropriate service of the day. We generally get a better dinner on Sunday than others, and have at least plum-

pudding and claret, extra. * * * We are now (May 24th) in latitude 4 degrees 35 minutes, and the longitude nearly the same as on the 17th, as we have been running almost due south. We have been lying becalmed for the last two days, rather losing than making any way, in abominably hot, rainy, and thunderous weather—the thermometer at 86 degrees in the cabin, with the hatches off—the perspiration dropping off us even when sitting quiet. It is a little consolation, that this being her majesty's birth-day, a fête is preparing for its celebration; there has been some talk of slaughtering a pig, and of opening some cases of Gillon's preserved salmon; there being also a whisper of champagne, we may stand the chance of some exhilaration in our distress. * * * A vessel is in sight, and I hurriedly close, but will write again."

The next letter is written when about to approach Australia, the vessel having as usual touched at the coast of Brazil, and then stood across by the Cape of Good Hope, thus catching the winds which almost invariably blow in these directions. The writer, being now several months at sea, begins, it will be perceived, to find fault with the captain's arrangements.

"Our entertainment on board, up to the time I wrote Mr E. from the line, was very fair; but since then it has been poor—running out of what you may call the common necessities, and often the salt provisions scarce. At breakfast the other day, the captain tried to substitute molasses for sugar, while there was sugar in the ship; but it went down so ill that the sugar was forthcoming in the afternoon. On trying us with the molasses, no one would drink the coffee but himself, and some called for cold water instead: there is also not a sufficient supply of plates, spoons, &c. While such has been the state of affairs in the cabin, you will be able to form some idea of the privations of the steerage passengers, among whom are some very respectable people, both individuals and families; and had it not been for the store the people themselves brought, they would have been very badly off. With respect to health and appearance, as long as the weather was fine when they could get on deck, the children and mothers did very well; but for this last month or six weeks, having scarcely ever been on deck or enjoyed the open air, they are looking very pale and miserable. I often go down to the steerage in the evenings to have a chat, and really the scene is amusing; every family has a particular berth, and there you see them sitting as if in a private room—some, perhaps, putting their youngsters to bed—from another corner a squall is heard to issue—a few are sewing—and one is probably playing the flute in some remote and invisible nook. There is a separate corner for bachelors, among whom I contrive to get; and here I am amused with a few rough oddities, one being a farmer sort of person from Fife, who, at eleven at night, cannot be made to understand or believe that it is good daylight in Scotland.

Our visit to Bahia, in Brazil, at which the vessel touched, made an agreeable break in the voyage. Bahia is to the north of Rio Janeiro, and was at one time the capital of the country. Three-fourths of the population are slaves, the rest Portuguese; and a more miserable set of objects never were seen, particularly the soldiers, who afforded us many a good laugh. The situation of the town, and its appearance from the water, are splendid. It is built on a rising ground, immediately from the water's edge, the houses rising one above another, and all whitewashed, so as to form a fine contrast with the luxuriant vegetation around. Although it was their winter or rainy season, we were lucky in getting one of the finest days that ever shone. When we got into the town, we found it dirty, with very narrow streets. The houses are lofty, and in the principal ones the ground floor seemed completely occupied as a lobby, in which were always several slaves sitting. From the town, we proceeded into the country on both the days we remained; and the pleasure of wandering among coffee plantations, cocoa nut and orange trees, and other tropical plants, was quite a novelty. The oranges were peculiarly fine, and are a variety belonging to that country; they cost about 5d. a dozen, and the cocoa nuts were somewhere about a penny each. We dined on shore both days—one day at a French, and the next at an English hotel.

From Bahia, we got two new passengers who had come from England, and had been forced to put into this port, in consequence of the bad state of the vessel, which was here condemned, and they were waiting for an opportunity of getting forward to Australia. Both are Englishmen, and uncommonly agreeable; and we have got a great deal of information from one of them regarding the Australian colonies, in which he was long resident. He confirms all the ideas I had formed of the country of Australia, and considers that two or three individuals going to the bush and getting some sheep, is the safest and best way for investing a small capital, as a concern of that kind is managed at very little expense, and, with economy, will no doubt pay. When stating my fears of an inexperienced person not being able to go about the matter properly, he said that in three or four months one would acquire all the knowledge necessary; and he kindly said, that, if we chose, we might go to his farm in Van Diemen's Land for six or twelve months, and he would be very glad of our assistance, as the shearing time will be approaching when we arrive, but would not recommend settling there, as he considered Port Philip the best situation. We are, from this and other circumstances, resolved, on arriving at

Port Philip, and while the vessel lies there, to take a turn into the country; and should matters be at all as they say, and if we can get our bills cashed at a reasonable rate, we intend remaining there.

On the 11th we came in sight of land, and by three o'clock afternoon were pretty close in shore, which put me in mind of the Yorkshire coast, precipitous and rocky to the water's edge. The land was covered with brushwood, and looked wild and pretty; and I did not feel at all disappointed with our first view of Australis Felix, though some of our passengers did. The wind continued unfavourable for four days, during which we tacked out and in, making little progress to the eastward [what a want of a steam-tug here!]; but the appearance of the country improved much, being now clothed with forest down to the shore, and we frequently distinguished fires which the natives raised as signals. The land we made first was betwixt Portland Bay and Cape Otway. On the 17th, we entered Port Philip Bay by a very narrow entrance, not more than half a mile broad; but in getting through what are called the 'Heads,' the bay opens up into a fine sheet of water, somewhere about thirty miles long and twenty broad. The country on each side is richly wooded, and rather high. We sailed up in the afternoon, the bay being as calm as a loch, with the sun shining clear and beautiful, and making us pleased with the new country. We got ashore in the morning, and found that we had to walk two miles to Melbourne. The appearance of that town, the capital of the Port Philip district, was strange to us—a great many brick houses and tents being scattered about here and there. The price of provisions is astonishingly high, but is more than compensated by proportionately high wages. All the mechanics on board were engaged the first day at 12s. per day, and people waiting and coming on board to get them. We had our bills discounted—the thirty days' ones at 2 per cent. premium, and we got 5 per cent. interest from the banks for deposits; for money lent, the common rate is 15 per cent. The price of sheep is high, from 30s. to 40s., but after the clipping time they will fall, and so also will the other provisions, as there is promise of an excellent crop. This is really an astonishing place, for two years ago there was nothing but a few mud huts and tents, and now it is assuming the appearance of a regular town. Already, the port is supplying other places with cattle and sheep; there are now four square-rigged vessels lying here, one of them waiting for a cargo of wool for London, besides various small craft engaged in the coasting trade. We will go into the country, and should we not meet with any thing to suit us in the way of a situation (for we will not lay out our money till we acquire a knowledge to do so advantageously), we will return to town, and have no doubt of getting employment."

The next extract is from a letter dated January 1840.

"When I wrote on arrival, I did not think it would be advantageous to buy sheep, from the highness of their price. I could have got a situation in a merchant's office in Melbourne, with a salary of £130, but, after all, did not like taking to the pen again. Having been introduced to Mr —, we visited his station, about seventy miles from Melbourne, and there we bought 500 ewes. We lived there nearly two months, and got a good deal of insight into the business of sheep-farming: were it such a science as it is at home, I would feel a little afraid of succeeding, but there is really no mystery about it. We left that station the day after Christmas, and proceeded with our sheep about twenty-five miles farther up the country, where we are now settled, and have got our hut erected. It would be impossible to give you an outline of all the adventures we have encountered up to this time, and I am so hurried as to be able to write only in snatches. You will have heard that we are settled in company with Mr — and Mr — [two acquaintances], which is for the purpose of avoiding the expense which a small number of sheep take." Here we stop to say, that in a letter from the other brother, it is explained that they had procured a license from government to graze and pasture in a certain district, thus avoiding the necessity of buying land; and the following account is given of the sheep-purchase and plan of settlement:—"We have, after many doubts and fears, fairly commenced sheep-farming, having purchased 1080 full-monthed ewes at £1. 1s. each, merely as a sort of beginning. There are four of us concerned in the undertaking. We have begun on a very economical system, managing the sheep ourselves, one of us going out with them for a week alternately, while the others are doing any thing about the place. We run the whole in one flock, till the lambing, which takes place about the middle of March, when we will require to take another man. We have one man-servant already, who drives and looks after our bullocks, besides making himself generally useful. The sheep require the utmost care and attention possible. One has to take them out at sunrise, so as to get the dew, and remain with them the whole day, bringing them back at sundown. They require to be always watched, both in consequence of the natives and wild dogs; the dogs are most to be feared, as they often rush into the flocks by day, and sneak into the pens at night. We have as yet escaped both evils; but I have seen as many as six killed in a flock in one night by the wild dog. The sheep here are very subject to a disease called seab, but it just requires care in looking after to be

kept under. I think, if wool keep the same price, we will get about £1. 5d. per pound, the produce averaging 3 lbs. per sheep, washed. I hardly think the wool will clear our expenses this year, but then we have the increase always coming on; and although the way we live is far from comfortable, in a wretched turf hut, shut out in a manner from all the world and every sort of society, still I have no doubt the thing will pay."

Speaking of the appearance of the country, one of the writers observes—"The aspect of the country, you are aware, is flat, and appearing at a distance as if thickly wooded; but when you enter this woody district, you find generally the trees a good deal separated from one another, with sward among them. This is considered the best ground for sheep, as it affords good shelter from the cold, and shade from the sun. There are really many beautiful parts, and more like the park scenery around a nobleman's seat than a wilderness. But there are other places which look as wild and bleak as you can conceive—immense plains with nothing but short grass on them—no water—and stretching away to the horizon. You cannot see a tree or any thing on them; and they are only inhabited by wild-dogs, turkeys, and snakes. The grass in most part of these plains affords excellent pasture for sheep, but, from the want of wood and water, they are useless. You must be near some river or water-holes, in order that the sheep may drink every day; this they will always do when there is no rain, and the weather has been dry for some time, when the grass becomes so dry, that if you take a little you can rub it in your hands till it is like snuff. Our place is very pretty, being on a creek or water-holes, which are connected with a river, of which we do not know the name. These water-holes [or series of pools] run during winter, but become dry in the summer, except the very deep holes. Adjacent are some large gum trees, some fallen into the water, and some half-buried, but still flourishing, with the grass long and luxuriant, and forming excellent feeding for our bullocks. Our hut is placed a few yards from these holes, with the sheep yard immediately behind; on one side we have a woody country, going back nobody knows how far, affording shelter to the natives, kangaroos, and emus. It is considered a very good run [or pastoral district]. Altogether, the country is rather an anomaly; some of the most beautiful parts are cursed with a want of water, of which the following is an instance:—One day, on our first arriving, two or three of us went a little way from Melbourne, and we were all enchanted with the beauty of the place. After walking a good distance, we all began to feel very thirsty, as the day had become oppressively hot; we therefore set about looking for water, and at last we found some, but, on tasting it, it was worse than sea water. Even in our water-holes, the curious thing is, that you have a pool of fine fresh water, and immediately above it, only a few yards, you have a pool so salt that you could not drink it."

From other passages in these letters, we learn that the writers are far from being satisfied with their situation—the miseries of living in a turf-built hut—the swarms of fleas—the dreadful solitude they are compelled to endure, being twenty miles from any other settlement—their half-savage mode of life—their recollections of home—all tend to inspire distaste of their lot. We believe that such sensations are common to all young emigrants who have abruptly left refined society, and plunged all at once into the novel career of sheep-farming in the wilderness. It is of importance to observe that no one in such circumstances can reasonably expect to avoid experiencing such sensations. Take any man from a counter or desk, much more from a respectable drawing-room, and oblige him to attend to the drudgeries of sheep-farming even in Lincolnshire or Roxburghshire, and he would in all likelihood feel precisely the same disgust. But such disagreeables must only have a temporary operation. After a little while, the man's nature will become in some measure accommodated to them: they will be in themselves diminished, and other circumstances will arise to palliate and compensate for them. All, then, that the emigrant has to contemplate at the beginning is, how he is to get over the first shock. That passed, it is to be hoped that, with a fair share of vigour and perseverance, he will begin to find pleasures he did not contemplate in a simple rural life—"seeing his lambs suck and his ewes feed."

The last letter of our two young friends, dated June 1840, tends to support these views. It is written in a much more cheerful spirit than those previously sent, things having begun to improve in appearance. The lambing season had passed, leaving fully a thousand young lambs, and another dropping equally good was expected in November; "but," says the writer, "there has been a great outlay, and there will be little return till the third year; the wool should then pay all expenses, the increase of flock being the profit. The first stock we will have to sell will be wethers, which are at present selling for 20s. each." The party had also begun to cultivate a few acres of land, for the purpose of raising wheat, which is excessively expensive in the colony, also to lay out a garden, and to rear fowls. The only drawback, it is added, is the want of labourers, and this keeps every thing behind. The writer now rather laughs than laments over "the domestic arrangements" of the hut: one of his companions had commissioned a wife from Scotland,

and sent for two nephews to assist in the farm, while all were looking forward to a course of moderate prosperity and comfort.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

"WANTED, A TEACHER."

We observe the following advertisement for a teacher to a Scotch parish school, in a late newspaper:—"Schoolmaster wanted for the parish of —. He will be required to teach English Reading and Writing, English Grammar, Geography, Book-keeping, Latin, Greek, and French, Arithmetic and Mathematics. The salary is the maximum, and the town and parish being very populous, the emoluments altogether will be considerable." We desire to say a few words respecting this munificent offer. The fixed salary which it is proposed to give is the maximum, which means the highest that is exigible by law from the heritors, being exactly £34. 4s. 4d. a-year, or as nearly as possible one shilling and elevenpence per day. What may be added in the form of school fees, it would be difficult to estimate, but we shall make a fair allowance, and say that there will be 100 scholars, such being fully a greater number than one master can properly instruct and manage, and that the fees will in the aggregate amount to £66, making altogether £100 a-year. There are various ways in which we may compare the duties to be performed with this very splendid income. £100 a-year is £1. 1s. 6d. per week, or 5s. 5d. per day, and for this sum the teacher is expected to be accomplished in ten branches of learning, and to teach in all probability twelve separate classes, reckoning from infants at the alphabet up to lads in Greek and mathematics. For the 5s. 5d. he will be occupied five and a half hours daily, which is at the rate of a shilling per hour—no bad pay, some will imagine, for only being stowed up in an apartment with 100 children, and enjoying the "delightful task" of rearing the tender thought. The delight of such an occupation is worth something.

In case some persons should, from these considerations, think that 5s. 5d. a-day is a great deal too much money to throw away upon our particularly fortunate teacher, we shall endeavour to ascertain what quantity of work he will actually have to perform for his salary. Reckoning that most of the pupils attend various classes, the daily account may be supposed to stand as follows:—

To teaching 24 children the alphabet, at a quarter of a farthing each,	- - - - -	0s. 1d.
— teaching 60 to read, at a third of a farthing each,	- - - - -	0 5
— teaching 48 to write, at half a farthing each,	- - - - -	0 6
— teaching 50 arithmetic, at ditto,	- - - - -	0 6s
— teaching 50 English grammar, at ditto,	- - - - -	0 6s
— teaching 30 geography, at ditto,	- - - - -	0 3s
— teaching 12 book-keeping, at 6 for 1d.,	- - - - -	0 2
— teaching 16 French, at a farthing each,	- - - - -	0 4
— teaching 36 Latin, at a halfpenny each,	- - - - -	1 6
— teaching 12 Greek, at a halfpenny farthing each,	- - - - -	0 9
— teaching 8 mathematics, at a halfpenny each,	- - - - -	0 4

5s. 5d.

It may be alleged, that reckoning six days to the week, the daily income would be a little more than 5s. 5d., which is the calculation at seven days to the week; but this is supposing that the schoolmaster has no extra duties to perform, such as teaching the catechism, seeing that the scholars attend church on Sundays, and so on, all of which may fairly be said to be equal to one day's labour, although modestly kept out of the advertisement. We have now seriously to ask if there be not something shameless in the announcements for teachers, such as that to which we have taken the liberty to advert. We are at a loss to understand how men should be expected to qualify themselves in a dozen branches of learning, and to endure such drudgery as usually falls to the lot of the teacher, for the pittances which are offered. There is a mystery about it we cannot make out. The "delightful task" of teaching the alphabet at a quarter of a farthing, and Greek at three farthings, per lesson, is doubtless only understood by those parochial authorities who have schoolmasterships in their gift.

THE COPYRIGHT BILL.

We find, from a list in the Companion to the British Almanac, that, during the last session of Parliament, there were 5 petitions, with an aggregate of 74 signatures, in favour of the Copyright Bill, and 345 petitions, with an aggregate of 22,547 signatures, against it. This is remarkably in proportion to the amount of interest on the two sides of the question. The parties on the one side are two or three authors, seeking by wrong methods what, in certain limitations, would only be their right. On the other side is the great body of authors, publishers, and the public, endeavouring to defend themselves from an enactment which, if passed, would only be comparable to that process in cookery which consists in burning down a neighbour's house in order to roast one's own leg of mutton. The history of the Copyright Bill is a striking illustration of the difficulty which most people experience when two things somewhat inconsistent are mixed up—in fact, the slight power of analysis possessed by ordinary minds. It is a hardship for the families of authors that their monopoly (using this word in no offensive sense) terminates so soon. It should be extended: granted. But then the nineteen-twentieths of successful books pass by assignment into the hands of

publishers; and, if copyright were extended in all cases indiscriminately, the families of authors would benefit but little, and those of the first class of publishers a great deal. In fact, the main result would be, that the business of selling the popular books of recent ages would become a genuine monopoly in the hands of a few overgrown houses, the public paying high instead of moderate prices for every thing, and even the literary class being injured, in as far as the present business of revising, annotating, writing critical and biographical prefaces, &c., would be comparatively languid, and in the hands of a few. And all this immense boon would be given to the few great publishing houses without any one thing of a compensatory nature being reserved for the authors of the lucrative books, seeing that not a single penny more would be given for a book to last sixty years, than for one to last twenty-eight years, or even a less period. The question, indeed, in nineteen-twentieths of its extent, is between a few monopolising bookselling houses and the community at large; and this is the part of it which the opposition chiefly keep in view, at the same time that they are willing to see copyright, when the genuine property of an author's family, extended. The patrons of the bill, on the other hand, regard only the remaining twentieth part of the question, which, in their optics, expands into the whole. They think only of the few cases in which it may happen that an author's family too soon loses what they justly consider a fair inheritance. Sentiment gets up; Milton's grandchildren are cited; all is indignation at Tonson and Tegg; and from mists of fine language are hurled thunderbolts of wrathful contempt against all who presume to say a word against a bill for so amiable an object. In its later forms, we believe, a clause has been introduced into the bill for the apparent purpose of limiting its benefits to the families of authors, but obviously of such a nature as to be easily evaded, so that the results of the new statute would unquestionably be as here stated. Nevertheless, considering how weak is a general and diffused against a particular and concentrated interest, we cannot sufficiently wonder that the Copyright Bill has not long ago been passed. The five petitions have been singularly unfortunate in this case. In ordinary circumstances, they should have carried it against the 345 hollow. For the few to be so bothered by the many, is surely "very tolerable, and not to be endured." Perhaps it is that the few are too many, and the many too few. Next year, if there were only one petition for, and 22,547 against, we should expect to see the thing done at once. Nay, "what need of one!"

A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

VISIT TO WORKHOUSES.

THE clamour which had for several years been almost incessantly kept up by a part of the press against the administration of the amended poor-law, induced me on several occasions, while in England, to visit union workhouses, in order to judge by personal examination whether these places were the actual dens of oppression and misery which they were represented to be.

One day, while in London, I took the opportunity of driving a few miles west from Vauxhall, on the Wandsworth road, to visit the large workhouse of the Battersea district, lately erected, and in full operation under the new system. Occupying a somewhat elevated piece of ground, overlooking the rich and populous valley of the Thames, with Chelsea and the towers of Westminster in the distance, and closely environed with an extensive garden and shrubbery, the house enjoys a remarkably pleasant, and, I should think, salubrious situation; while the exterior, with its neat porter's lodge and railings, suggests much more the idea of a gentleman's residence than a receptacle for parish paupers. Conducted over the whole establishment by the house governor, I was surprised at the extent and variety of the details, all apparently on a well-digested scheme for preserving order and discipline, combined with as great comfort as any one could reasonably expect. Each class of inmates—men, women, boys, and girls—occupied its respective division of the house, with an appropriate airing-ground behind. In one apartment, I found about thirty elderly men picking oakum, a very light employment; and in another place there were some men, of greater strength, working a pump which propelled water to a cistern, at the summit of the building. One or two men were also working in the large garden of the establishment. Proceeding up stairs to the women's division, I entered a species of parlour or sitting-room, cheerfully lighted by windows overlooking the country around, and here were sitting, quietly reading or knitting, a dozen old women; while one of extreme age, a good specimen of the old English dame in humble life, being incapable of locomotion, was wheeled in an easy chair by a companion along the

floor and lobby, and with as much enjoyment as a child in its chaise.

The spotless purity of the walls and floors, the numerous water-closets and washing-rooms, the laundry, kitchen, school apartments, and small houses in which travelling paupers and their families could be lodged gratuitously for a night—all gave token of careful management, and concern for the comfort of the inmates. In the kitchen was the perfume of meat in process of cookery—something very different from the brothy odour which assails the nostrils on entering an Edinburgh workhouse. From a bakehouse, adjoining the kitchen, there issued great baskets of wheaten loaves, steaming from the oven; and passing onwards to the cellar, I was introduced to the presence of a dozen barrels of ale and porter—Barclay and Perkins', if I recollect rightly—and the contents of which seemed as excellent as any liquors of the kind I had ever tasted. Ale and porter in a workhouse was a new feature, for which I had not been prepared, seeing that the inmates of our Scotch pauper asylums are judiciously restrained from indulging in any thing stronger than buttermilk or small beer, and that only as a liquefaction to their poor morning and evening meal. The contents of the ale and porter barrels, I was informed, were not administered generally, but only to old or infirm paupers by order of the medical attendant, and to those who wrought in the garden, or at more than usually severe labour. As every kind of stimulating liquor is proved to be valueless, except where nature would unavoidably sink without such artificial aid, the beer served out here and elsewhere to all except the positively infirm, may be pronounced so much money of the parishioners thrown away. At all events, the expenditure on these commodities argues any thing but niggardliness in the guardians of the poor. At my departure from the establishment, I could not help testifying my approbation of the general appearance and management of the house.

The next institution of the kind which I visited, was one lately established in the vicinity of Newcastle, consisting of a cluster of neat buildings laid out in the form of courts and wings, and surrounded, like the one just described, by a shrubbery and garden ground. It was Sunday, and the inmates had just finished dinner—which, for each person, consisted of five ounces of boiled beef with potatoes in proportion—reminding me of the very good kind of dinner for which one pays about a shilling at the famous boiled beef-house in the Old Bailey. Adjourning from the dining-hall to a neighbouring apartment, I found a knot of old men in that contented looking humour which usually distinguishes the countenance of the Englishman immediately after the great central meal of the day, all sitting cozily on plain wooden sofas round a capital fire, and really, to be in a "Bastile," wonderfully jocular and happy.

My next tour in quest of "Bastiles" conducted me to the workhouse of one of the wealthiest parishes of the metropolis—St George's, Hanover Square. It is situated in Mount Street, and consists of a very extensive building of four storeys, but without any exterior distinction in the line of street. Here every door, from the garret to the cellar, was thrown open at my request, and every question promptly answered. The different wards with rows of beds, the spacious corridors and staircases, the airing grounds behind—all were neat, clean, and unexceptionable. In some workhouses off the back courts, the able-bodied inmates were employed in cutting up wood into faggots, and doing other light work. In one of the upper floors, there is a drug dispensary for the house, with a young surgeon in attendance. During this visit, I received much greater insight into the economy of the new in comparison with the old system than on any former occasion; and I beg to tell what I know, for the benefit of those who take an interest in such matters.

While the old wasteful practice existed of administering out-of-door relief to able-bodied, real or pretended, paupers, the parish of St George's, with a population of about 60,000, expended on the poor, police, and county rates, upwards of £61,000 annually. In 1835, when the new practice was introduced, the sum expended was only £39,800, being a diminution of one-third. Out-of-door allowances were still made in cases deemed necessary, but the great principle acted upon was to invite paupers to reside in the workhouse. As in all other parishes, this plan of relief at once checked a monstrous abuse; the claimants of the parochial bounty were thrown upon their own resources, and compelled to betake themselves to industrial pursuits. It is mentioned, as a well-authenticated fact, by Mr Leslie, one of the parish directors, "that upwards of twelve hundred, who for years were more or less a burden on the rate-payers under the old system, are now known to support themselves, without assistance from the poor-rates."^{*} On conversing with Mr Leslie, I was informed that the consideration of out-of-door cases for casual relief, which once occupied two days a week to the board of directors, was now dispatched in an hour, and that he did not believe there was a destitute person unprovided for in the parish. All fit objects of public support (certain cases always excepted) are now admitted either into the house in Mount Street, or into another establishment at Chelsea. At the period of my visit,

the inmates were as follows:—At Mount Street, 117 men, 211 women, 15 boys, and 17 girls—in all 360; at Chelsea, 25 men, 110 women, 91 boys, and 54 girls—in all, 280; lunatics at Hanwell asylum, 50; children at nurse, 1; total, 691. Having inquired if the men who applied at the workhouse belonged to any particular profession or class of society, it was mentioned, that there was usually a large proportion of decayed footmen or other domestic servants; but whether this may be considered an indication of improvident habits on the part of that class of persons, or of the misfortune of their condition, I am unable to say.

Mr Leslie, in the pamphlet above referred to, makes known a number of remarkable particulars respecting the old vicious modes of pauper management, from which it appears that a large number of officials, shopkeepers, contractors, and others, were deeply interested in preventing the operation of the new law. The overseers, I had always heard, were a rapacious and heartless set of functionaries, who seldom scrupled to throw jobs into each other's hands (the overseer who was a painter, and got the wall surrounding the churchyard to paint, is a well-known joke); but I was not prepared for the disclosure that many medical men were deliberate pauperisers. Mr Leslie thus describes the process:—"A mechanic or labouring man, his wife, or his children, fall ill, and require medical advice. Application is made to the overseer of the place, and a 'doctor's order' is given: the overseer, having taken the man's examination as to his place of legal settlement, ascertains him to be a non-parishioner—that he belongs to a parish some 200 or 300 miles distant. The man says, 'I want but a temporary assistance from you; I can maintain myself, and have borne a good character.' No matter, there are two parties now engaged in the transaction, who have a direct interest in the ruin of the poor man and his family, namely, the medical attendant and the overseer. The following is the manner in which the outrage upon humanity was and still is legally inflicted:—

The medical officer, in a great majority of instances, contracts with the parish to attend all the paupers belonging to the parish, during the year, for a fixed small amount of remuneration, reserving to himself the right (and the parochial authorities consenting to transactions of such a character) to make whatever charge he pleases for every non-parishioner he may attend by order of the overseer; and to such a frightful extent has this practice proceeded, that the charge in frequent instances for the medical attendance on one non-parishioner patient has greatly exceeded the amount of the contract for the year's attendance on the whole of the pauper patients of the parish; and by such means the parishes shift from themselves the burden of medical attendance on their own poor, by obtaining the contract for so much less, in consideration of the probable profits the medical man may obtain from his attendance on non-parishioners. This exorbitant charge for medical attendance can only be obtained by the actual removal of the man to the parish to which he belongs.

The overseer's turn in the affair comes next. He foresees a long journey with a family, and a long bill of costs. He applies for an order of removal for the family: the magistrates sign the same; but, on account of the illness of the man, his wife, or his children, as the case may be, the removal is suspended. The medical attendant has by this process now obtained a legal document to enforce his demand, and he consequently pays the utmost attention to his own interest in the affair; and, what with draughts every three hours, mixtures, balsomes, he contrives to make out a frightful demand on the parish to which the unfortunate man belongs. The man, in spite of this copious supply of drugs, recovers; the doctor's charges are paid, the magistrates withdraw the suspension of the removal, and the overseer commences his share of the plunder—proceeds with the family the two or three hundred miles, as the case may happen to be; personally delivers the unfortunate family to the parish to which they belong, and receives the amount of his demand, including the exorbitant charge for the medical man's attendance. On his return home, he reimburses himself out of the poor-rates of his own parish for all the expenses of himself and the family during the journey.

The parish of St George, Hanover Square, has one resident house-surgeon and apothecary, and five surgeons in the various districts, all of whom have fixed salaries to find attendance and drugs to every person, whether parishioner or non-parishioner, whom the paid overseers direct them to attend; and the latter are made responsible for the medical orders they give."

Besides the saving effected by offering an asylum in the house instead of out-door relief, the expense incurred for house management has been greatly diminished since the establishment of a new order of things. The same quantities of food, and of superior quality, are now supplied to the inmates at much less than one-half the cost to the rate-payers of 1832. Formerly, no supervision was exercised respecting the contracts or distribution of the food. Immense quantities of provisions were regularly lost sight of, and entered as "Waste." It was shown in evidence that 63,401 lbs. of beef and mutton were paid for by the rate-payers for the use of the paupers in the Mount Street Workhouse, of which the allowances to the paupers amounted only to 30,940 lbs.! It was further proved that a deficiency of 15,017 lbs. of bread and 5443 lbs. of cheese, was entered as waste in cutting. It was also

* A Practical Illustration of the Principles of the Poor-Law Amendment Act, &c., by John Leslie. London: Ridgway. 1836.

proved in evidence, that the baker, who had been in office eighteen years, and had had the charge of the flour during that period, never kept any account of the flour which he received and expended.

As many may feel interested in learning what are the precise quantities and kinds of food given to paupers in English workhouses, I beg here to extract the general dietary tables from Mr Leslie's pamphlet.

GENERAL DIETARY FOR ADULT PAUPERS.

	Breakfast.	Dinner.				Supper.		
	Bread, oz.	Gruel, pints.	Beef, oz.	Potatoes, lb.	Soup, pints.	Suet, Pudding, oz.	Cheese, oz.	Broth, pints.
Sunday	12	1½	5	1	1½
Monday	12	1½	1½	...	2	...
Tuesday	12	1½	5	1	1½
Wednesday	12	1½	1½	...	2	...
Thursday	12	1½	5	½	1½
Friday	8	1½	14	2	...
Saturday	12	1½	1½	...	2	...

DIETARY FOR CHILDREN FROM 3 TO 10 YEARS OF AGE.

	Breakfast.	Dinner.				Supper.	
	Bread, oz.	Milk, pints.	Mutton, oz.	Potatoes, lb.	Pudding, oz.	Milk, pints.	pints.
Sunday	12	½	2½	½	½
Monday	12	Suet, 7
Tuesday	12	...	2½	½
Wednesday	12	Rice, 7
Thursday	12	...	2½	½
Friday	12	Suet, 7
Saturday	12	Rice, 7

As few are acquainted with the economy of procuring food for large numbers of persons, the author appends the following table of quantities of solid, and solid and liquid, food allowed to each adult pauper per week, and the actual cost to the rate-payers in 1835.

Solid Food.	Ounces.	Cost to the Rate-Payers.
Bread	80	5d.
It takes of raw meat 20 ounces, to supply of cooked meat ...	15	5
Potatoes	24	½
Suet pudding	14	1
Cheese	8	1½
 Solid food	141	
 Solid and Liquid.		
10½ pints of gruel	197½	...
4½ pints of pea-soup	84½	1½
4½ pints of broth	78½	...
 501½		1s. 4d.

What is here set down as costing 1s. 4d., cost 3s. 1d. under the old poor-law, the reduction being one of the many advantages arising out of the representative and otherwise improved mode of managing the parochial funds. The experience of many years shows the quantities to be quite sufficient to maintain the people in good health. My own conviction is, from all I saw at the Mount Street workhouse, as well as other establishments of the kind, that these asylums are in reality most comfortable; and, excepting that the inmates are not allowed to go out and in at pleasure, or to assemble promiscuously, they are in point of fact better lodged and fed than thousands of working men and their families. That the obligation to submit to the rules of the house, by which husbands are separated from their wives, and parents from children, is felt to be distressing, there can be no question, but this is only one of the unhappy circumstances attending the condition of those who look to the public for charitable support. Would it be at all reasonable to maintain a colony of paupers at their ease, and liable to an increase of numbers, in every parish in the kingdom? Consistently with humanity and the necessity for maintaining a proper standard of living, the dietary of paupers cannot be abridged, and it is but fair that in other respects the inmate of the workhouse should enjoy a condition less eligible than that of the self-supported labourer. The justice and expediency of this principle will, on a little reflection, appear quite obvious to any reasonable individual. But I shall endeavour to illustrate it. It must, in the first place, be borne in mind that the pauper is not the only individual interested in the administration of relief to the destitute—that justice is due to the rate-payer (whose condition must frequently be but little removed above pauperism) as well as to the poor—and that, in the giving of such relief, reference ought to be had to its effect on the independent portion of the labouring classes. To render, then, the condition of the pauper better and more eligible on the whole, than that of the independent labourer, or even equal to it, would have the effect of weakening materially, if not of ultimately destroying, many of the motives to steady industry, good conduct, providence, and frugality, which would otherwise influence the labouring classes; and of inducing persons of an idle or fraudulent dis-

position, to throw themselves upon the poor-rates for support, rather than endeavour to earn for themselves an independent subsistence. If, however, the self-supported labourer foresees that a recurrence to the poor-rates for support, will, while it protects him against destitution, place him in a less enviable position than that which he can attain to by his own industry, he is left, as has been observed, to the undisturbed influence of all those motives which prompt mankind to exertion, forethought, and self-denial. On the other hand, the pauper has no just ground for complaint, if, at the same time that his physical wants are amply provided for, his condition should be less eligible than that of the poorest class of those persons who contribute to support him.

With respect to that grand subject of complaint, the separation of families, it appears to be imperatively called for on grounds of decency and morality. The separation of the aged and infirm from the able-bodied, and the latter from the young; the providing a nursery for the infants, with every facility of access on the part of the mothers, and a school for those who are capable of receiving instruction; the regularity of hours and of meals, the maintenance of cleanliness, order, and decorum; the provisions for the medical attendance and religious instruction of the inmates of the workhouse; and the duties enjoined on the various officers to secure these objects—must be considered as arrangements essential for the physical and moral well-being of the large assemblage of families dwelling in the workhouse, whatever may be the other objects for which the workhouse has been instituted. As regards the rule of separation, it ought to be observed that the commissioners permit the guardians to depart from it, in special cases, in favour of aged married persons. But, they say, applications for this indulgence have been few. The restriction is principally confined to the able-bodied inmates, whose residence is so rare and brief as to leave them no just ground of complaint that they are subjected to that privation of domestic intercourse for a short period, which the most diligent and enterprising of their class, and indeed of the higher classes also, willingly undergo to enable them to obtain the means of independent support.

The reader will by this time have clearly perceived that the design of the new poor-law is not to starve or maltreat the poor—far from it—but to establish regularity and a just economy in all departments, the principle being to render the workhouse a refuge against destitution, for such as are really destitute, and unable, by age or infirmity, to maintain themselves; and, by means of the classification and labour already described—to which the able-bodied inmates of the workhouse, in particular, are subjected—to deter the idle and improvident labourer from taking up his abode within its walls, in preference to maintaining himself and his family by his own unaided exertions. By this means, it is hoped that the motives to industry, forethought, and self-denial, among the young and healthy of the labouring community, will be materially increased and strengthened—that the workhouse, thus regulated and conducted, will operate as an effectual test to distinguish and detect indolence and fraud from real destitution; and that the independent poor will henceforth be relieved from the liability of assisting to support the indolent and improvident labourer; in a word, that pauperism, and especially able-bodied pauperism, will decrease, and that habits of industry and independence will grow and flourish in its stead.

THE WILL OF SHAKSPEARE.

In the Pictorial Edition of Shakespeare—a beautiful work, edited, we understand, by the publisher, Mr Charles Knight—a note is appended to the play of *All You Like It*, respecting the Will of Shakespeare, upon which it throws a new and valuable light.

Shakespeare, it is generally known, realised considerable funds by his industry as a dramatic writer and theatrical manager, and retired in 1613 or 1614 to spend the evening of his days at his native town of Stratford, where he had acquired no small property in houses and land. His wife, Anne Hathaway, who had remained in Stratford during the twenty-four years which he spent in London, and who was eight years his senior, still lived, and he had two surviving children, Susanna and Judith, the former of whom was married to a gentleman named Hall. In his will, dated in March 1616, about a month before his death, he left the bulk of his property in houses and lands to his elder daughter Susanna; three hundred pounds to his younger daughter, under certain conditions; to his sister, money, wearing-apparel, and the livery of the house in which she lived; to his nephews five pounds each; to his grand-daughter his plate; to the poor ten pounds; to various friends, money, rings, and his sword. To Susanna and her husband Hall, he bequeathed all the rest of his goods and chattels, excepting (and the exception was introduced by insertion after the will had been drawn out) his "second-best bed, with the furniture," which he directed to be given to his wife.

So remarkable a circumstance did not escape the notice of his many commentators, and hitherto most of them have spoken of it with pain, as a proof that Shakespeare, while generous to his children and his friends, treated his wife with contempt. There was the more force in this view, when the long estrange-

ment of the pair was considered. Malone says—"His wife had not wholly escaped his memory; he had not forgot her—he had recollect her—but so recollect her as more strongly to mark how little he esteemed her; he had already (as it is vulgarly expressed) cut her off, not, indeed, with a scissil, but with an old bed." Malone, Steevens, Boswell, were all of them lawyers, yet they all failed to detect a legal circumstance calculated to give a totally new view of the case, and which it has been reserved for the bookseller, Mr Knight, to point out. Mrs Shakespeare required no special provision in her husband's will, beyond some such souvenir as the second-best bed, for she was entitled, as the legal phrase is, to DOWER: the law gave her the life-interest of a third part of all the property which Shakespeare had acquired in his lifetime (excepting one copyhold tenement), and she would have the same interest in the houses and gardens which her husband inherited from his father, as soon as the father should die. Thus she would be extremely well off by the mere operation of the English law affecting freehold property; and the notion that she was cut off with an old bed falls to the ground. Mr Knight cites the will of David Cecil, Esq., grandfather of the great Lord Burleigh, as a similar case. In that will, the only notice of the wife is: "Item—I will that my wife have all the plate that was hers before I married her, and twenty kye and a bull." Here, the husband only concerns himself to bestow a gift upon his wife, over and above what the law would allow to her.

Mr Knight has thus cleared the memory of Shakespeare from the imputation of having left his wife unprovided for, or of treating her with absolute contempt. But he has done no more. To have noticed her only by afterthought, and then, from his abundance of valuables, to have given her only the second-best bed, affords but a doubtful view of the conjugal affection of our great bard. It seems a good deal like what a man would be induced to do for decency's sake, by the persuasion of friends, and against his own will. This has been pointed out, in a letter to the *Athenaeum*, by Mr Peter Cunningham (son of Mr Allan Cunningham), together with the following passage from the will of Sir John Hayward, the historian, dated the 30th of March, 1626:—"I give to my wife the bedd wherein she lieth, with all things pertaining thereto, and two other of the meanest bedds for servants, which, together with all my former legacies unto her, and her thirds which she may claim out of the lands in Tottenham before-mentioned, I esteem enough, in regard of the small porcion she brought me; and, in regard of her unquiet life and small respect towards mee, a greate deale to much." "I would not," adds Mr Cunningham, "say that this was the case with Shakespeare, but the coincidence and explanation are alike curious."

Shakespeare's long absence from his wife and subsequent return to her, is not a solitary case. Romney, the eminent portrait-painter, was a married man engaged in a rustic employment in Yorkshire, when he discovered by mere chance that he could draw. He left his wife with seventy guineas in her pocket, taking thirty in his own—studied his profession in London, Paris, and Rome—became the first portrait-painter of his day, realising above three thousand a-year by his art. He lived on and on, corresponding affectionately with his Yorkshire spouse, and sending her money, but never visiting her or sending for her; and, finally, after an absence of thirty-five years, he returned to her in ill health, and resumed the matrimonial life so unexpectedly broken off in his youth! For this strange conduct, no reason has ever been assigned. It seems to have proceeded from the mere eccentricity of genius. The long separation of Mr and Mrs William Shakespeare may have arisen from the same cause, and might be not less compatible with a sufficient mutual regard.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

SOME time ago, commissioners were appointed by government to plan various improvements in the metropolis, chiefly with a view to the opening up of new lines of thoroughfare across the more dense and confined parts of the town, and benefiting commerce as well as the health of the inhabitants. The commissioners, it appears, have made their report, and from a notice of it in a late number of the *Art Union*, we find that the following are the new lines proposed:

"The first of the lines is the formation of a straight and spacious communication through St Giles's, by the continuation of Oxford Street into Holborn, near to Southampton Street.

The second is from the end of Bow Street to Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury, running through and widening Hanover Street, Belton Street, Bow Yard, into Broad Street, sweeping away Middle Row there, and widening Plumtree Street.

The third is to create a commodious thoroughfare from the London Docks northward, through Spitalfields, widening Dock Street, and running in a straight line from Leman Street to Red Lion Street, Spitalfields Church.

And the fourth is a continuation of Piccadilly and Coventry Street, through Leicester Square, in a straight line to Long Acre, including the widening of Upper St Martin's Lane.

Each of these lines will be of vast importance, for many of these districts are suffering under the dele-

terious consequences of defective drainage; and it is certainly a matter of great reproach that, in a city justly boasting its superiority in this particular, there should exist so many places in which the drainage is not only defective, but in some of which it is absolutely wanting. Ample illustrations have been afforded of the extensive mischief occasioned by imperfect drainage, proving that, in point of fact, the habitual prevalence of some malignant diseases are conterminous with the limits within which that defect exists. It is almost unnecessary to remark, that the remedy for this grievous evil will immediately follow the opening of new communications for the greater convenience of public intercourse, for the drainage indispensably necessary for a good new street speedily effects the purification of the whole neighbourhood. These four lines will be the first to be put in execution; but the above remarks apply also to a further plan of improvement for opening a spacious and convenient communication between the neighbourhood of the Houses of Parliament and that of Buckingham Palace, through a district in Westminster, which remains at present in a very degraded and unwholesome state. This line commences at the Broad Sanctuary, and runs south-westerly in a circular direction to the Chelsea Road, running through the New Way, Stratton Ground, the burial-ground of St Margaret's Church there, and passing through all the little courts and streets, by the side of Messrs Elliot's brewery, widening Brewer Street on each side, into the Chelsea Road.

Another takes up the continuation of Farringdon Street to Clerkenwell Green, that is, to the Sessions House, in a straight line.

And the last line of new street at this moment contemplated, is a continuation of London Bridge to Blackfriars' Bridge, passing over the road leading to Southwark Bridge, making the communication between these bridges more commodious and rapid—an object exceedingly desirable, considering the increased traffic in that locality.

One great desideratum will at once be gained and appreciated by these improvements, and that alone would have been sufficient stimulus to legislate upon, we mean the rendering some of the most unhealthy portions of London salubrious, by increased ventilation and improved drainage; and it appears reasonable to imagine, that, when the condition of mankind is improved, the morals of the people must become elevated in proportion. Let us hope, therefore, even if no other good arise, that the honest portion of the labouring classes may, in their social and moral condition, be much ameliorated by the improvements of the British metropolis."

We have not heard what sum the government proposes to spend in carrying these views into effect; but if the contribution be £100,000, we shall think it by no means ill spent. The truth is, far too little is done to improve the condition of populous towns. We should rejoice to hear that a million of money was voted by the legislature to assist in destroying dens of vice and disease in all our large cities, draining the meaner order of thoroughfares, opening up, on an economical plan, crowded streets and alleys, and giving to the people patches of ground for recreation, drying clothes, and other useful purposes.

"THE MIRROR HELD UP TO NATURE."

To hold the mirror up to nature, was Shakespeare's idea of what the stage ought to be; and its friends sometimes assume that such is its actual function. We suspect it neither is, nor could well be, such a mirror. To take a strong case at first—where in the world, we would ask, do people eat singing, fall asleep singing, quarrel singing, fight singing—in short, do every thing singing? Is there any place where courts of law are conducted to music, where the prisoner pathetically sings his expunction, and where the judge gravely condemns him to death to the tune of (what should be) "Tyburn tree"? If there be such a land of melody, it is certainly among the terra incognita. As far as our own land is concerned, it is not too much to say, that, if we were not familiarised to such doings, nothing assuredly could appear more absurd. But, leaving such ultra-musical pieces out of the question, and coming to those performances in which the players act so far like the people of the known world, as to talk without flats and sharps (though perhaps in blank verse), do we find the matter very much mended? Were there ever any real human beings like those obstinate, gouty, old stage-admirals, who have always nephews and nieces, whom they call "young dogs" and "young sluts," and whom they regularly persist in attempting to marry to some unpleasing person—up to the very last scene of the last act, when they as uniformly change their mind all at once, without the shadow of a reason, and place the hand of the nephew or niece in that of the individual he or she likes, saying, with a most affecting and benedictory snuffle, "Here, you young dog, take her," or, as it may be, "Here, sir, you may take the young gipsy." There is an old monster of this order in almost every drama now acted, and we tolerate him, from the mere force of habit, as if he were like something in actual life—which he certainly is not. In reality, however, the whole round of modern stage-characters are scarcely one whit less unnatural. Every theatre has its "old man obstinate" (the aforesaid admiral) performer, its "old man virtuous," its

"young man puppyish," and its "young man tragic;" with its knowing valet, and rustic simpleton. The theatrical ladies are arranged in a similar way, each company having its "elderly tragic lady," and its "old woman comic," its "young lady serious," and its "young lady chamber-maidish." These personages appear, without variation or shadow of change, in every piece. Each new dramatist gives them the word of command like a dancing-master, and they assume new positions as in a reel; but the parties are the same, ever the same. If they were like any thing in real life, one might even get over this sameness. However, they are not. If, for example, the young man puppyish, who wears spurs, and exclaims "Adorable Julia!" so affectingly, were really to come a servant as he regularly does his stage-valet, what would be the consequence? Assuredly, the servant would knock him down in an instant, or summon him to the police-office. So also with other things. The life of the stage is a bounded and purely conventional life, unlike the life of nature, which is infinite in variety. Dramatists write always within the conventional range of the stage. They prepare a part for the old man obstinate, a part for the old man virtuous, &c., who have representatives in every company; and they never dream of looking into nature herself for novel and striking characters. How then can it with any truth be said that the stage is a mirror held up to nature? As much are the dresses of the Lord Mayor's Show a fair sample of the European costume of the nineteenth century.

RAILWAY TRAIN IN A SNOW STORM.

The following lively account of a railway-passenger's adventures between New York and Philadelphia, is taken from an American paper lately received. It is the more interesting as it describes a scene which, we believe, no one has yet had an opportunity of witnessing in this country:

The snow storm, which commenced on Friday evening and endured until Sunday night, accompanied all the while with a fierce north-east wind, will be long remembered by those who were travelling on Saturday between New York and Philadelphia. As the night closed in, the storm increased; nevertheless, the distance between Camden and Bordentown was run over in reasonable time, considering the obstructions of the snow-drifts; but when the road between Bordentown and Trenton, which is a side-cut along the canal, and laid with flat bars, came to be passed over, our troubles began. In anticipation thereof, we were provided with two engines, one to draw and the other to push.

Soon the engines began to labour—now dashing with irresistible impetus through the snow-banks, and then the wheels flying round without adhesion, owing to the slipperiness of the rails—and ever and anon the struggling giant that yet urged us onward would seem by his deep-drawn sighs to intimate that his powers were almost exhausted. Still we advanced gaily—for there is excitement in difficulty—and, though proceeding slowly, we yet believed we should get through. But suddenly, while under great headway, we felt a sharp check, which seemed, by the straining efforts of our firesteeds, to be formidable indeed; they laboured strenuously, but with perceptibly decreasing effect, till, after one long convulsive breathing, all became still. We then found ourselves deeply imbedded in a snow-drift, and, what was not less unfavourable, we soon perceived ahead of us, and also brought up in a snowbank, the mail train from New York. It was then about twelve o'clock. Our only course now was to endeavour to get the train back to Bordentown, and, accordingly, all hands and the engines were at work to fire up and retrace our steps. But, alas! going back was as much out of the question as going forward. We were stuck fast, and vain were the attempts of the locomotives to stir us from the spot. After a brief consultation, the engine in the rear was detached, and ordered back to Bordentown, to bring up reinforcements. The interim of some two hours was not without its incidents or alternations of hope and disappointment, moodiness, and merriment.

While this was going on with our train, that from New York, from which we now began to hear, was not idle. In the first place, the train was separated, and the ladies' car, with one other, were dropped, and the engine, with the baggage-trucks and forward car, tried to get on. It advanced nearly a mile, and within a few hundred yards of ours, when the engine gave out. Some of the passengers came through the snow (no little undertaking, for it drifted in some spots leg deep) to our cars, and gave us the first tidings that the ladies' car, in which were some twenty ladies and children, was left a mile behind. This redoubled the anxiety of all for the arrival of the engines from Bordentown, and at last their distant fires were seen, one, two, three; and with such a force, deliverance seemed at hand. Still their slow approach indicated increased difficulty in forcing their way. The wind and snow were fiercely raging, and doubts of the probability of extricating all the cars began to circulate. Finally, the nearest car was reached, two engines were attached ahead, and with the aid of that which had brought us on, and now aided to push us back, slowly, and after repeated checks, we were re-conveyed to Bordentown, which was reached about three o'clock.

The engines were all then sent back to bring in the New York train; but the increasing violence of the wind, which whirled the snow in eddies on the road, rendered all efforts useless, and one by one the engines gave out without reaching the cars, and were frozen up on the track. The men succeeded in scrambling back, exhausted, and almost perished with cold, to the town. Thus then, about half-past four o'clock, it became certain that the passengers of the whole New York train, except the few who had succeeded in reaching the Philadelphia train, would be left till morning in the cars. It was a

vain effort to obtain sleighs, or any other mode of reaching them; the canal on one side, and morass fields on the other side of the road, precluded approach in the night, and the drifts on the road itself rendered a passage of sleighs on it impracticable—the only consolation was that of knowing there was fuel enough to keep up good fires.

Sunday morning came in dull, dreary, and boisterous, the snow and wind still prevailing. All the force that could be mustered was early at work with snow-ploughs and scrapers, and spades-men, to extricate engines and cars frozen up; but as their progress was slow, some of the passengers determined to approach the ladies' car as near as they could with sleighs; and taking with them hot coffee and hot milk for the children, with wine and various eatables, they started, but it was past mid-day before any tidings were had of them. Meantime, through great difficulties, and one by one, the engines left on the road the night before were brought back.

About one o'clock we were cheered by the return of the sleighs, having the women and children, who thus, after twenty hours passed in the cars, were brought to the hotel in safety, and without having suffered much. The only mode of reaching the cars where they were was by passing through the fields."

OLD WELLS.

THE descent into deep wells or pits is often attended with serious danger, in consequence of the prevalence in these situations of air or gases not fit to be inhaled into the lungs. It occurs to us that a few precautionary hints on this subject may not be without their use.

When it is thought proper to clean out a well of any depth, or to make repairs upon it, no one should descend into it without taking care to ascertain the state of the air beneath. This may readily be effected by letting down a lighted candle or lamp to the very surface of the water, or the ground, if the well be dry. If the flame is not extinguished, after having remained there for at least a quarter of an hour, it should be pulled up, and a heavy weight, attached to a cord, made to descend in its place, for the purpose of agitating the water freely and fully. The light is then sent down again, and if, on this second trial, the flame is not quenched within ten minutes or so, the workmen may descend and commence their labours.

If the light be extinguished, the particular depth at which it ceases to burn should be remarked. Beneath that point, a man would as surely and as quickly be suffocated as the flame is quenched. The mephitic air or gas which produces this effect, may be of various kinds. Either nitrogen, or carbonic acid gas, or sulphuretted hydrogen, may form the vapour; or, perhaps, it may consist of a mixture of these gases, all of which fail to support combustion or respiration. In the uncertainty which must exist as to the true nature of the gas found in a well on trial with the light, there is but one remedial step to be followed with advantage. This is to alter or renew the air of the well by ventilation. In order to accomplish this, which is chiefly rendered difficult by the great specific gravity of the mephitic air rendering it stationary, a set of planks must be laid across the mouth of the well, so as, with the aid of plaster, to seal it hermetically at all points but two. Over one of these points or apertures is placed a small close furnace, formed in such a manner as to derive no air excepting from the well below. Then a pipe of leather, like a common fire-pipe, is fitted into the other hole, and, being of the necessary length, is made to descend nearly to the surface of the water. To keep this pipe open, cross sticks or some other contrivance should be used. This apparatus being prepared, a fire of charcoal (or of coal, or wood) is kindled in the furnace. If dispatch be a matter of moment, a stalk or chimney, placed on the top of the furnace, will of course accelerate the operation. In the space of a few hours, the well, if not extremely large, will probably be freed of the foul air. The proof of this will be the continued burning of the candle, when introduced into the well anew.

This may seem a laborious process, but we believe it to be the most efficacious that can be used, and also the most simple and least expensive, in situations where machinery could not readily be procured. No mere widening of the mouth would ever clear a well, from the reason stated—the great specific gravity, generally speaking, of the foul air. Sometimes, however, the plan we have described is not successful. Allowing some time to elapse, and trying the light repeatedly, as should always be done, it is occasionally found that the flame is extinguished anew, at a little distance from the water. Where this is the case, it is to be concluded that new gas is in process of being generated. This, which seldom occurs, however, with small wells, is a circumstance which occasions more trouble, rendering it necessary to extract all the water from the well, and leave it open for several days in a dry state. The ventilation by the furnace may then be renewed; or ventilation may be tried by means of large bellows attached to a pipe. The renewal, nevertheless, of the process first described, will usually be found sufficiently effective. If, after all these attempts, the flame, when let down into the well, should still be extinguished, it will be necessary to condemn the well altogether, and refrain from using it. If, after the remedies and trials employed, the light should burn with its ordinary brightness, the workmen may descend with safety.

When it is known what kind of gas is in the well,

other remedies are often employed with effect. When carbonic acid is present, several buckets full of mixed lime may be emptied into the well, and the water afterwards stirred with a weight. The lime absorbs the acid, and renders it perfectly safe for workmen to descend. To free a well from sulphuretted or carburetted hydrogen gas, it is requisite to let down an open cast-iron vessel, containing a mixture of three parts of black oxide of manganese, with eight parts of salt; and on this mixture, at different times, is poured five parts of strong sulphuric acid. Chloride of lime, in a solution of one ounce to the pound of water, will produce the same effect on being poured into the well. The descent of the light will test the result. These remedies can only be used, as stated, where the character of the mephitic air is distinctly known. In the cases of large wells, the foul contents of which are not well known, the apparatus described will always be preferable. When the foul air is nitrogen, moreover, by ventilation alone can a cure be properly effected.

If a well, large or small, exhales an odour like that of rotten eggs, although a light may burn in it, there is a necessity for caution in descending; and, before that be attempted, it will always be advisable to throw into it several buckets full of chloride of lime in solution.

As we frequently hear of workmen being taken out of old wells, pits, and similar excavations, in a suffocated state, it may be both interesting and useful to state the proper measures which should be taken by the bystanders on such occasions. Of course, instant removal from the noxious spot is the first step to be taken, where a man has been asphyxiated, or deprived of the power of breathing by foul air. A surgeon should be sent for instantly. In the mean time, the bystanders will strip the sufferer as quickly as possible. If his clothes be wet, they may be cut open for speed. The body is to be always held with the head higher than the other parts. Let the bystanders then place it upon a bench or table, and, while one man keeps the head up, another should throw on the whole frame, and especially on the face, repeated glasses full of cold water. This operation should be continued a long time. Every now and then an attempt should be made, by compressing the chest and abdominal region, to excite the muscles concerned in respiration. If the sufferer begins to give signs of life, the lavings are not to be discontinued, though care is to be taken that none of the water enter the mouth. If he makes any effort to vomit, the operation may be encouraged by touching the back part of the throat with a feather; and as soon as it can possibly be done, several draughts of acidulated water, or water mixed with vinegar, should be given to him. When life is fairly re-established, the sufferer, after being well dried, should be laid in a warm bed, and some speedy remedial means used to restore order to his intestinal organs. What further remedies should be used, may be left to the judgment of the surgeon. The above instructions are derived from a report of the Parisian Board of Health. In France, deep wells are common; and hence the comparative frequency of such accidents as those under consideration, in that country.

We believe that these observations may not be without their use. Besides showing how wells, actually serviceable, may be cleaned and repaired with safety, and how disused ones may be brought into a working state without danger, it may also induce people to attend to those odious old pits and wells from which no benefit is expected, and which are not unfrequently found gaping for the unwary passenger. They may be filled up or built up securely in the way stated.

GRUMBLING.

If it be no part of the English constitution, it is certainly part of the constitution of Englishmen, to grumble. They cannot help it, even if they tried; not that they ever do try—quite the reverse—but they could not help grumbling if they tried ever so much. A true-born Englishman is born grumbling. He grumbles at the light, because it dazes his eyes; and he grumbles at the darkness, because it takes away the light. He grumbles when he is hungry, because he wants to eat; he grumbles when he is full, because he can eat no more. He grumbles at the winter, because it is cold; he grumbles at the summer, because it is hot; and he grumbles at spring and autumn, because they are neither hot nor cold. He grumbles at the past, because it is gone; he grumbles at the future, because it is not come; and he grumbles at the present, because it is neither the past nor the future. He grumbles at law, because it restrains him; and he grumbles at liberty, because it does not restrain others. He grumbles at all the elements—fire, water, earth, and air. He grumbles at fire, because it is so dear; at water, because it is so foul; at the earth, in all its combinations of mud, dust, bricks, and sand; and at the air, in all its conditions of hot or cold, wet or dry. All the world seems as if it were made for nothing else than to plague Englishmen and set them grumbling. The Englishman must grumble at nature for its rudeness, and at art for its innovation; at what is old, because he is tired of it; and at what is new, because he is not used to it. He grumbles at every thing that is to be grumbled at, and when there is nothing to be grumbled at, he grumbles at that. Grumbling cleaves to him in all the departments of

life; when he is well he grumbles at the cook, and when he is ill he grumbles at the doctor and nurse. He grumbles in his amusements, and he grumbles in his devotion; at the theatres he grumbles at players, and at church he grumbles at the parson. He cannot for the life of him enjoy a day's pleasure without grumbling. He grumbles at his enemies, and he grumbles at his friends. He grumbles at all the animal creation—at horses when he rides on them, at dogs when he shoots with them, at birds when he misses them, at pigs when they squeak, at asses when they bray, at geese when they cackle, and at peacocks when they scream. He is always on the look-out for something to grumble at; he reads the newspapers that he may grumble at public affairs; his eyes are always open to look for abominations, he is always pricking up his ears to detect discords, and sniffing up the air to find stinks. Can you insult an Englishman more than by telling him he has nothing to grumble at? Can you by any possibility inflict a deeper injury upon him than by convincing him that he has no occasion to grumble? Cut his throat and he will forget it, pick his pocket and he will forgive it; but deprive him of his privilege of grumbling, you more than kill him—you expatriate him. But the beauty of it is, you cannot inflict this injury on him; you cannot by all the logic ever invented, or by all the argument that ever was uttered, convince an Englishman that he has nothing to grumble at; because if you were to do so, he would grumble at you so long as he lived for disturbing his old associations. Grumbling is a pleasure which we all enjoy more or less, but none, or but few, enjoy it in all the perfection and completeness of which it is capable. If we were to take a little more pains, we should find, that having no occasion to grumble, we should have cause to grumble at every thing. But we grow insensible to a great many annoyances, and accustomed to a great many evils, and think nothing of them. What a tremendous noise there is in the city, of carts, coaches, drays, waggons, barrel-organs, fishwives, and all manner of abominations, of which they in the city take scarcely any notice at all! How badly are all matters in government and administration conducted! What very bad bread do the bakers make! What very bad meat do the butchers kill! In a word, what is there in the whole compass of existence that is good!—what is there in the human character that is as it should be! Are we not justified in grumbling at every thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth? In fact, gentle reader, is the world formed or governed half so well as you or I could form or govern it!—*Cumberland Paquet.*

RETROSPECTION.

[BY PERCIVAL, AN AMERICAN POET.]

There are moments in life that are never forgot,
Which brighten and brighten, as time steals away;
They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day:
These moments are hallow'd by smiles and by tears—
The first look of love and the last parting given—
As the sun in the dawn of his glory appears,
And the cloud weeps and glows with the rainbow in heaven.
There are hours, there are minutes, which memory brings,
Like blossoms of Eden, to twine round the heart;
And as time rushes by on the might of his wings,
They may darken awhile, but they never depart:
Oh! these hallow'd remembrances cannot decay,
But they come on the soul with a magical thrill;
And in days that are darkest they kindly will stay,
And the heart, in its last throb, will beat with them still.
They come, like the dawn in its loveliness, now,
The same look of beauty that shot to my soul;
The snows of the mountain are bleach'd on her brow,
And her eyes in the blue of the firmament roll:
The roses are dimm'd by her cheeks' living bloom,
And her coral lips part like the opening of flowers;
She moves through the air in a cloud of perfume,
Like the wind from the blossoms of jessamine bower.
From the eye's melting azure there sparkles a flame
That kindled my young blood to ecstacy's glow;
She speaks—and the tones of her voice are the same,
As would once, like the wind-harp, in melody flow:
That touch, as her hand meets and mingle with mine,
Shoots along to my heart with electric thrill;
Twas a moment for earth too supremely divine,
And while life lasts, its sweetness shall cling to me still.
We met—and we drank from the crystalline well
That flows from the fountain of science above;
On the beauties of thought we would silently dwell,
Till we look'd though we never were talking of love:
We parted—the tear glinted bright in her eye,
And her melting hand shook as I dropp'd it for ever;
Oh! that moment will always be hovering by—
Life may frown, but its light shall abandon me never!

TEMPERANCE.

The chief cause of most of the diseases to which the human body is subject, is a superabundant acid in the stomach; and that superabundance of acid is occasioned by overloading the stomach with food or drink. For the stomach can digest only a certain portion of food in a given time, namely, that which is in contact with its sides—all the rest must wait its turn; consequently, if the stomach be overloaded, the superabundant food will ferment and generate an acid, and the portion of food thus fermented and converted into acid, when it comes, in its turn, to be spread over the sides of the stomach, for the purpose of being converted into chyle, frets and irritates the stomach by the acid and corrosive qualities, and very often produces inflammation, more or less violent, which is indicated either by heartburn, eructation, stomach-ache, or other distressing sensations. Nor is this the whole of the injury. If the

effects of the acid be not arrested, all the organs which sympathise with the stomach partake of the distress, in proportion to their previous constitutional strength or debility. Numerous instances occur in medical annals of death having been occasioned by inordinate eating. Sir Everard Home mentions an instance of a child losing its life from eating too large a quantity of apple-pudding. Morgagni relates an account of a like fate happening to a woman from eating too large a quantity of onions preserved in salt and vinegar. And Bonnetus, in his *Sepulchrum*, states the case of a boy who died in three hours from eating immoderately of grapes. In each case, the stomach, when opened, was quite tense, and consequently its power of action perfectly paralysed.—*Hand-Book of Health.*

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever know a sentinel who could tell what building he was keeping guard over?

Did you ever know a cabman or a ticket-porter, with any change about him?

Did you ever know a tradesman asking for his account, who had not "a bill to take up on Friday?"

Did you ever know an omnibus cab who would not engage to set you down within a few yards of any place within the bills of mortality?

Did you ever know a turnpike-man who could be roused in less than a quarter of an hour, when it wanted that much of midnight?

Did you ever see a pair of family-snuffers which had not a broken spring, a leg deficient, or half an inch of the point knocked off?

Did you ever know a lodging-house landlady who would own to bugs?

Did you ever know the boots at an inn call you too early for the morning coach?

Did you ever know a dancing-master's daughter who was not to excel Taglioni?

Did you ever know a man who did not think he could poke the fire better than you could?

Did you ever know a Frenchman admire Waterloo Bridge?

Did you ever know a housemaid who, on your discovering a fracture in a valuable china jar, did not tell you it was "done a long time ago," or that it was "cracked before?"

Did you ever know a man who didn't consider his walking-stick a better walking-stick than *your* walking-stick?

Did you ever know a penny-a-liner who was not on intimate terms with Lytton Bulwer, Captain Marryatt, Sheridan Knowles, Tom Hood, Washington Irving, and Rigid Funnidos?

Did you ever know a hatter who was not prepared to sell you as good a hat for ten and sixpence as the one you've got on at five-and-twenty shillings?

Did you ever know a red-haired man who had a very clear notion of where scarlet began and auburn terminated?

Did you ever know an amateur singer without "a horrid bad cold?"

Did you ever know an author who had not been particularly ill-used by the booksellers?

Did you ever know a man who did not consider that he added ten years to his life by reading the *Comic Almanac*!—*Comic Almanac* for 1841.

PROGRESS OF VEGETABLE LIFE.

First upon the burning sand, or naked rock, the simplest structure of vegetable life, the lichen, almost invisible to the eye, fixes itself, blown possibly by the breeze. Its generation is scarcely understood; it boasts no flowers which require time for their development, or food for their secretion. They struggle through their ephemeral existence either upon the confines of eternal snow or upon the scorching regions of the torrid zone; they fulfil the general law of nature—they die, but in their death they are the harbingers of life; they decompose; the particles of which they are formed unite with the oxygen of the air; an acid is the result, which eats its way into the crevices of the rocks, or insinuates itself amid the sand, when its other particles form new combinations, and, burying themselves, become a first layer of vegetable mould; cracks and crevices thus are formed, in which moisture is deposited; these become enlarged, either by the expansion produced by heat, or by frost; the granite mass is burst asunder, or slow disintegration occurs. In the thin stratum of mould, a tribe, a little higher in the scale of vegetable life, is developed, probably some elegantly formed moss, which bears a miniature resemblance to trees and shrubs; these, too, run through their destined course; they die, and leave behind their remains for the birth-place of some more perfect plants, such as the grasses, the saxifrages, the wormwood, and plants with small leaves and low slender stems. The vegetable mould now deepens, generation succeeds to generation, plants of more complex structure, of a higher nature, such as shrubs and bushes, begin to rise upon the rock or the sand, now no longer an inhospitable mass; at the last the loftiest monarchs of the forest are developed, and spread over an immense surface, for perchance a single seed, wafted by the wind, borne by some animal, and thus prepared for germination, is the means by which the new generation bursts into birth, and changes the face of nature. There is an uninterrupted circle of events on which the preservation and the gradual improvement of all the productions of nature hangs, and there is an endless source of inquiry for man.—*Dr Sigmund.*

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